CHAPTER I.

You have felt the thrill of the chase? Your pulses have leaped like an arrow at the yip, yip of the dogs in close pursuit? You have dashed madly over fences, taking the hurdles without regard to personal danger as the prey suddenly sprang from its covert and whisked swiftly into the hazel brush ahead? You-but wait!

Fancy! Did you ever behold ten pretty, vivacious lithe-limbed young women chasing a handsome man-a perfect stranger-through a dogwood swamp, their dresses swirling high above pretty ankles, their baying, shricks of hysterical laughter?

"Catch him! Catch him!" shrilled a slender blonde to the leading lady running ahead with an athletic stride, her head and shoulders back, her hair rippling in the wind.

"Get him, Jackie!" panted a ravenous brunette, close behind. "Darn these narrow skirts, anybow. I'd like to be a man long enough to wear-"

"Oh, gee-this is-too-much for me!" and a solidly built blonds with a retrousse nose and a red sweater toppled onto a bed of moss under a thornapple tree and gasped for breath that persisted in cross-circuiting a chorus of chartles struggling for freedom.

"E-Yip-I-Addy-I-Ay-I-Ay!"

"Run, girls, run!" "Go It!"

"Hot foot!"

breakfast of alder shoots, sat up in MAYOR!" mazy bewilderment, took one hasty glance and bounded away into the marsh grasses, his funny little tail bobbing through the squashy places like a meteor of down.

Ahead the man was running freely. taking an occasional swift glance over his shoulder at the foremost of the foe. One by one the pursuers were falling by the way, their laughter becoming more and more distant. Suddenly the man swerved behind a great ash along the trail and waited. light and airy.

The man crouched. She was upon him now. Agilely he sprang from his hiding place and opened his arms!

With a gurgle of surprise, her cheeks as flaming red as the Oriental poppy on a sunny morning, she collided with his manly breast. Before she could free herself, the man's lips were at hers, sipping the honey with ing to look unhappy. an ecstasy of delight!

"Oh!" she gasped, struggling. "Were you looking for me?" asked the man, taking toll again and holding her close.

"But-" she cried. "But-" between kisses. And then with one free hand she boxed him soundly on the ear. He let her go instantly, rubbing his

head regretfully. She stood staring at him, her laughter given way to anger. "Sir!" her eyes blazing. "How

dare you?" "Never mind," said the man humbly, "I'll take it back!" coming nearer and reaching for her slim waist.

Some lame philosopher has said that a woman, with a sense of humor has never been born. In refutation, the girl suddenly broke forth into peals of laughter, backing away from him until she lenned against a tree

trunk for support. The man kept his eyes on her. "Anyhow," he said finally, "I like the game. Who invented it?"

Coming closer, he reached forth his hand and touched her lightly on the

"Fag!" he cried, and started to run. The girl sat down unceremoniously in a tangle of grape vines.

"I had my fingers crossed!" she protested-and the man came back, disappointedly.

"I'll wait until they cramp," he said determinedly, crouching at a respect

able distance. "There sin't a goin' to be any core!" notding her golden head positively and striving to keep back the blushes.

The man seemed saddened.
"Listen," she said soberly. "If I expected ever to see you again, I'd be mortified to death. But I don't, and I'm going to make a clean breast of it, because," with maidenly modesty.
"it served me right!"

He waited patiently, nodding by way of approbation.

You're the first man that's come weeks. We were bunting for moccasin flowers when we caught sight of stole. He not only is a thief, but—" you.

"Whom did he kiss?" We demand

Bess Winters-and in a spirit of mischief we set out after you. It was only a fiash of feminine deviltry, that would have died out at once—but when you rea—well, it was so funny we ran after you. I'm something of a sprinter and I-I got in the lend-and -didn't expect you would-would-"

The man grinned. "'A bird in the hand is worth two in the bush!" he quoted. "I thought you'd beat 'em-and I-but I hear voices. Shall we run away?" entic-

"By all means, no," she replied to "Very well, then, I surrender-to

you." The girl shook her head.

"I don't want you." "What, after chasing me across that confounded swamp!" looking meaningly at her wet and bedraggled

She reddened. "It is a woman's privilege to reject -even after she has chased a man

to cover." "And you stand on your rights?" earnestly, but with mirth in his eyes.

"I do!" pozitively. "Why?" he persisted. "Because!"

He bowed profoundly.

"Before woman's final and always conclusive reason I seem to accept the inevitable-but do not be deceived, fair lady, 'things are not always what they seem," quoting. "I have caught you fairly on the first lap. I, too, shall stand on my rights—the rules of the game!"

"Oh, here they are. Come on, girls!" cried an eager voice.

One by one nine warm, giggling summer girls came into view, ranging a galaxy of beauty beneath the green trees.

"Did you catch him, Jackie?" cooed the brunette. "Did you?"
The golden haired one dropped her

eyes. "She has-er, she did!" said the

man, speaking for her. "Is this the pack?" "Who are you, sir, that dares call us dogs?" demanded a red-lipped

blonde with hair like flax. "I am the fox!" replied the man. He arose to his feet and put his thumbs into the armpits of his vest,

a habit he had, facing them mockingly. "Look!" screamed the short one, "he is an officer!"

Jackie started. With a deft movement the brunette reached forth and laid back the lapel of his coat, peering at a tlny gold star, engraved.

"Oh, girls," she cried dramatically, "Whoo-p!" a ring of mischlef in her voice, "look A startled rabbit, aroused from his who's here; HIS HONOR, THE

CHAPTER II.

"The jury will arise and be sworn!" "Jackie" Vining, the judge, waited impatiently.

What's the matter with you, girls? Mabel, Lucile-don't you know you're jurymen-er, on the jury. Stand up! There!" with satisfaction, "Now raise your hands-no, no; your right hands! That's better. You solemnly swear, cross your hearts, hope-to-die, you will Through the brush behind he heard carefully weigh the evidence in this ase and render a verdict according to the statutes-er, according to what you think this wretch deserves?" ma liciously.

Six pretty heads nodded, in unison, "Be seated," said the judge sternly. "His honor, the mayor," sat on a

soap box in the center of the front veranda, a mere man in the hands of the enemy, waiting his fate and try-

"What's the charge," demanded Alice Mason, appointed by the court in the air. to defend the prisoner.

The judge moved uneasily in her Then, in a low, cutting tone she said:

"He's a thief!" The mayor looked up apprehengively. "I object," he protested, "to the



The Mayor.

court's statement of the case. It is trregular in-

"Order in the court!" interrupted "Who's running this the judge. case?

The man lowered his eyes, accepting the inevitable "This defendant," began Jackie, "is a thief. He stole a kiss from-fromfrom a perfectly proper young woman | make this a permanent organization been kissed except by who had never -by-well, by those who had a per-fect right. I might say that he not up to this forest primeval in five only stole one but-I believe it was

"Girls! there's a man!' shouted to know who the victim was?" cried the culprit's lawyer, vindictively.

"Overruled!" snapped the Judge. The mayor sighed. Things looked black enough.

"Your honor," he said apprehensively, addressing the court, "I appeal for a change of venue. I have reason to believe that the judge is prejudiced against me. I-"

Judge Vining pierced him with a glance.

"The idea!" she cried, with asperity. "Sit down, sir."

"Well, anyhow, it was worth it!" he shot back, resentfully. The judge blushed as she opened the hotel cook book and searched os-

tensibly for the criminal act relative to kissing against woman's will. "Call the first witness!" ordered the

court. Pretty Molly McConnell, her ravencrowned head held at a serious angle, her dimples set in a solemn background, took the stand.

"It was barely sun-up this morning," she said, quietly, "when we set out across the meadows after ladyslippers. Aurora was taking her matutinal bath in dew as we trudged down Simon's hill and came to the bottoms. Just as we were about to enter, we saw the defendant skulking in the wood. Somebody said, 'Man!' and we started in pursuit. Instead of surrendering, the villain fled at top speed. We ran after him! Jackieer, I beg your pardon, your honor, led the chase. I was second until I caught my toe in a briar tendril and collapsed in an alder bush!"

"What happened next?" encouraged Margaret Farnsworth, the prosecuting attorney, brushing a stray curl from her violet eyes, and fixing the witness with a steady eve.

"I heard a scream from the wood ahead and then sounds of osculation!"

"I object!" interrupted Attorney Mason, striking a legal attitude. "There is no evidence that this witness is an



affection expert—that she knows anything about osculation at close range, let alone long-distance kissing. Young | ment on the scalp skin rather than on lady, have you ever been kissed?" "The objection is sustained," gur-

gled the court, mercilessly. The witness blushed rosily "I refuse to answer," she said,

stubbornly. "On what grounds?" demanded the

fudge. "On the grounds of self-implication and coercion," she snapped, her chin

"The court reverses itself," easily, Witness need not incriminate herself. Ask the next question, attor-

ney." "To the best of your knowledge and belief," began the state's attorney. picking a burr from her skirt and toss. ing it carelessly to the floor, "were the noises you heard such as to make

you think that somebody was being, er-kissed? "Wait!" interrupted the defense, "I object on the grounds-on the-it's a hypothetical question and-without

proper foundation in fact," impressively. (TO BE CONTINUED.)

Movies Make Target. An ingenious adaptation of moving pictures to a shooting gallery has been made by an Englishman. In this gallery the marksmen have the satisfaction of shooting at rapidly moving deer or other animals, and the success of their shots is automatically recorded. In the rear of the gallery is a metal screen painted white. The pictures are thrown on this screen and the rapidly moving objects serve in place of a target, and afford much more excitement. By means of an electrical device in back of the screen a shot that strikes a mortal spot on the deer, or whatever the mark may be, is instantly recorded in the front of the gallery. The marks also show on the white paint, and after these marks become too numerous the screen can be painted over again.

In Women's Interests. Miss Lucy Goode White has been elected president of the California eague for the Protection of Motherhood, which was organized with 100 charter members. It is not planned to but it is to exist only long enough to obtain the passage of a state law pen-sioning widowed mothers with de-pendent children and providing for pecuniary assistance during enforce idleness to women who work to sup port themselves and their children.

Backache Makes Anyone Feel Old

Nothing ages anyone more quickly than weak kidneys.

It is not alone the aching back, the stiff, painful joints, but the evil effect of bad, poisoned blood on the narves, the vital organs and the digestion.

The condition of the kidneys makes good health or ill-health.

The kidneys are the filters of the blood. Active kidneys filter from the blood every day over one ounce of poisonous waste and pass it off dissolved in the urine.

If the kidneys are weak or diseased, only part of this filtering is done and the blood is heavy with uric acid and other poisonous or waste matter.

Instead of being nourished by the blood, the nerves and vital organs are irritated, and the circulation, digestion, etc., are disturbed.

If your back aches constantly, if your joints are stiff, lame and painful, suspect the kidneys.

Kidney sufferers are likely to feel dull, heavy, restless at night, rheumatic, dizzy at times, subject to headaches and annoyed with sharp, piercing pains that make work an agony and rest impossible.

Doan's Kidney Pills are the best-recommended and most widely used remedy for weak or diseased kidneys. They act quickly contain no poisonous nor habit-forming drugs and leave no bad after-affects of any kind—just make you feel better all over.



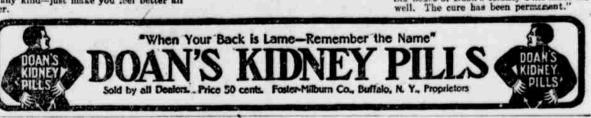
"Every Picture Tells a Story"

The following case is typical of the cures effected by Donn's Kidney Pills. Grateful testimony is the best evidence.

ALMOST WENT BLIND.

Chicago Man Tells of Awful Suffering.

J. J. Wolf, prop. barber shop, 2086 Ogden Ave., Chicago, Ill., says: "My back ached terribly and I had sharp, stabbing pains throughout my body. I kept getting worse, suffering from splitting headaches and dizzy spells, during which I would nearly lose my balance. My eyes became so effected that I nearly went blind. I became dropsical and was so puffed up at night that when I took off my shoes, there were deep ridges around my ankles. I got so thin and emaciated that my friends hardly knew me. There was always a desire to pass the kidney secretions and I had to get up often at night. The secretions were scanty and scalding in passage and contained a large amount of stringy, white substances with shood. Finally I was laid up, helpless. The doctor did me no good and I gave up hope. When a friend urged me to take Doan's Kidney Pills, I did, and I had taken but a few doses when I felt something give sway inside of me. The pain was terrible and shortly after, I pussed five gravel stones, each the size of a bean. In three days I felt like a different man. Six boxes of Doan's Kidney Pills made me well. The cure has been permarkent." Chicago Man Tells of Awful Suffering



SEEING IS BELIEVING.



Stella Lite-Do you believe in the upernatural?

Irvington Boothlette-No; I never saw a super natural.

THE BEST TREATMENT FOR ITCHING SCALPS, DANDRUFF AND FALLING HAIR

To allay itching and irritation of the scalp, prevent dry, thin and falling hair, remove crusts, scales and dandruff, and promote the growth and beauty of the hair, the following special treatment is most effective, agreeable and economical. On retiring, comb the hair out straight all around, then begin at the side and make a parting, gently rubbing Cuticura ointment into the parting with a bit of soft flannel held over the end of the Anoint additional partings about half an inch apart until the whole scalp has been treated, the purpose being to get the Cuticura Oint- tors' prescriptions." the hair. It is well to place a light covering over the hair to protect the pillow from possible stain. The next morning, shampoo with Cuticura Soap and hot water. Shampoos alone may be used as often as agreeable, but once or twice a month is generally sufficient for this special treatment

for women's hair. Cuticura Soap and Ointment sold throughout the world. Sample of each free, with 32-p. Skin Book. Address post-card "Cuticura, Dept. L, Boston."

Looking After His Bait. Daniel and Harvey, two old, expert fishermen, were "still" fishing for trout in deep water, sitting with their backs together, when Daniel accidentally fell out of the boat and went down. Harvey looked back and missed his companion, who at that moment appeared on the surface, pipe still in his mouth, shaking his whis-

kers profusely. Harvey-Gosh, Dan! I jest missed ye! Where ye been? Dan-Oh, I jes' went down for ter

see if me bait wus all right.-Judge. This is Unkind.

Tommy-Pop, what is a free thinker? Pop-A freethinker, my son, is any man who isn't married.-Philodelphia

Doubtful. "Have you a good cook now?"
"I don': know. I haven't been home since breakfast!"—London Opinion.

Its Materials. "I am building a lovely castle in Spain. "What of? Gold bricks?"

The sting of defeat outlasts the weets of victory.

BLAME PLACED ON PHYSICIANS

Growth of Drug Habit in United States Alleged to Be Due to Oplates Ordered in Prescriptions.

That 99 per cent. of all the cocaine and morphine manufactured in this country is used by persons who have formed the drug habit through physiclans' prescriptions is the startling statement made by Dr. L. F. Kebler, Chief of the Division of Drugs, Department of Agriculture. This statement, and others, proving that physicians and not "patent" medicines are re-sponsible for the appalling growth of drug addiction in the United States was made by Dr. Kebler in an address at Washington, before the American Society for the Study of Alcohol and Narcotles.

Dr. Kebler is quoted by Washington papers as having declared that drug using had increased 100 per cent, in the last 40 years, and that American medical men were not discriminating enough in their use of opintes. Their overindulgence to their patients, he said, is creating thousands of drug users every year. "It is a very sad thing to say that

our physicians are doing the greatest

work in promoting the use of cocaine and morphine," said the doctor. "State laws are not saving the public from the grip of the drug habit, and the American public is sinking tighter and tighter into the black abyss of the morphine and cocaine fiend. "The worst of it is that the importation of opium into the country is becoming larger and larger year by year. I have heard it said on reliable

authority that 99 per cent. of the cocaine and morphine manufactured in this country is used by persons who have formed the habit through doctors' prescriptions."

Almost simultaneously with Dr. Kebler's address, Dr J. A. Patterson, at do its duty.

Cures Con-Grand Rapids, Michigan, in a public statement said that 19 out of every 20 patients who come to an institution

downfall to physicians' prescriptions. Rather Hot Shot for Doctor. This incident is related of a Scotch doctor, new to the gun, who adven-

with which he is connected for treat-

tured upon a day's rabbit-shooting. Chased by the ferrets, bunny was rather quick-moving target, and the medico was not meeting with the succers he anticipated. "Hang it all, man!" he exclaimed.

impatiently, to the keeper who accompanied him, "these beasts are too quick for me." "Aye, doctor," the pawky keeper replied; "but ye surely didna expect them tae lie still like yer patients till

One-half the women in the world want to get thin; the other half want to get fat.

ye kill them." .

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for Children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflamma-tion, all ays pain, cures wind colic. 25c a bottle 10c.

Many a girl who wouldn't make a good wife for a poor man would make a poor wife for a rich man.

Try Mrs. Austin's Bag Pancake, sure please you, all grocers. Adv.

"Health's best way—Eat Apples ev ery day."-Coyne.



OLEYS For Coughs and Colds





W. S. NETHERY, 413 Gardner Bldg., Toledo, Ohio



Make the Liver Do its Duty

Nine times in ten when the liver is right the stomach and bowels are right. CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS

ment for the drug habit owe their and Distress After Estine SMALL PILL, SMALL DOSE, SMALL PRICE. Genuine must bear Signature

and the remarkable cures effected by the New emedy "THERAPION" No. 1, No. 2, No. an decide for yourself if it is the remedy for ilment. Ikin't send a cent. It's No "follow-up circulars. Dr.Lo



